

THE HERALD'S HARP.



THE LEAF.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.—Isaiah lxiv. 6.
See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

"Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Brought down from like us fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell."

"Virgins, much, too much presuming,
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead."

"Gripping miseries, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare."

"Sons of honor, fed on praises,
Flouting high the fabled worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to patient earth."

"Learned sages, in sciences jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have its fall!"

"Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Cay in health and manly grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place."

"Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter tale."

"Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach the truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

"On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

THE GARDEN OF GRACE.

A garden fence'd from common earth,
By special sovreign grace,
Enrich'd with plants of heavenly birth,
The church of Jesus is.

His gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun;
Rivers of peace which never dry,
Through all this garden run.

His spirit is the heavenly wind
That o'er this garden blows,
And, opening each immortal mind,
The Saviour's image shows.

Faith, like an ivy on the rock,
Tint stands for ever clear;
And, through the tempest's loudest shock,
Eternal calm perceives.

Assurance, like a cedar, rears
His stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

Here love appears a fruitful vine,
From Christ the bleeding root,
Receiving life and sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

Humility, a lily fair,
Transplanted from on high,
Grows here, perfume all the air
With sweets that never die.

Firm patience, like an olive strong,
By storms unshaken grows;
And, changing scenes enduring long,
At length in glory blows.

Here hope, a lively evergreen,
Displays her smiling face,
And flowers of every hue are seen,
But all are plants of grace.

* The Aloe is said to blossom but once in a hundred years.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MEMOIR OF MRS. ABIGAIL BLAKE.

Mrs. BADGER.
There is a peculiar degree of pleasure to the pious mind while reading accounts of the death of those who sleep in Jesus; especially so, when their religion has stood the test of years, and those years, or at least some of them, attended with adversity, affliction, and pain.

Thus it was with the subject of the following narrative, Mrs. ABIGAIL BLAKE, wife of Mr. Zebulon Blake, of Lisbon, Me., who died the 17th of August last, in the 29th year of her age. I had no particular information of her, till a few days after her marriage, when she came with her husband, to his father's, where, in a meeting she appeared to be deeply awakened, though she did not obtain mercy for a year or two after. In 1819, through the instrumentality of Brother J. L. Bishop, (then on Durham circuit), she found the pearl of great price. She soon joined the class in the place where she lived, and for nearly six years, has demonstrated that her religion was genuine. It was not, except in some pressing emergency, that her place was empty at class, prayer, and other meetings. Oft would she lend a hand to the weak and backward. One instance in particular I will name—On a class-meeting occasion, her husband feeling somewhat tired, declined going; she pleaded, but to no purpose; she then took him by the hand and entreated, but in vain; at length, bursting into tears, she wept—and prevailed. In the winter past, it appeared certain that consumption had fastened on the system, and she must go. But here is a trial; a husband and four little children, twined round her heart. She, however, became gradually unloosed from them, and earth, as she drew near the grave. I called about ten days before her death, conversed and prayed with her; the glory of God shone upon us, and her soul shared richly in the same. After rising from prayer, she broke forth in praise to the Lord. Taking her husband by the hand, she said, "My soul is happy. Glory to God, I want to go and be with Jesus." Her joy, from this time to her death, was generally constant and full, especially at the intervals of pain, of which she suffered much. The day she died I called and prayed with her. I found her in much pain, but happy, and calmly waiting the call of her master, to take her flight to glory. About half an hour before she

died, being observed by her father-in-law to look steadily up, he asked, "what do you see?" She replied, "The angels waiting to convey me to glory." She then called for her infant son, about sixteen months old, and embracing him in her dying arms, appeared fervent in praying to God in his behalf; but her voice had so failed, those who stood around could only hear these words, "Lord bless, Lord bless." Her voice soon failed, but her reason remained to the last. After looking round upon them all, with a heavenly countenance, by expressive signs, she bid them farewell, and breathed her last, without a struggle, calm and placid as the summer's eve. It is worthy of remark, the son above referred to, in about two weeks followed his mother.

Happy infant, early blessed!
Here is a husband, children, and other friends,
left in mourning. The class likewise feel their loss; they no longer see Sister Blake, pressing through difficulties to meet with them; they no longer hear her feeling and urgent address; yet language more solemn strikes the mind; it is that of the Son of God, "Be ye also ready." May the Father of mercies sanctify this event to us all.
TRUE PAGE.
Durham Circuit, Sept. 9, 1825.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SUCCESSFUL PEACE-MAKERS.

When Mr. Welch accepted of the call to Ayr, he found the wickedness of the country and their hatred to religion so great, that no one would let him a house, till Mr. John Stewart, an eminent Christian, and some time provost of Ayr, accommodated him with an apartment in his house, and was to him a very able friend. Mr. Welch first addressed himself to the arduous task of healing their divisions, uniting their factious parties, and putting an end to their daily battles, which were so deplorable, that no one could walk in the street at day time without the most imminent danger of being wounded. His method was this: after he had put on his helmet on his head, he would go between the parties of fighting-men, already covered with blood; but he never took a sword, which convinced them that he came not to fight, but to make peace. When he had brought them by little and little to hear him speak, and to listen to his arguments against such brutish proceedings, he would order a table to be spread in the street, and, beginning with prayer, persuaded them to profess themselves friends, and to sit down, and to eat and drink together; which when done, he would finish this labor of love with singing a psalm. Thus, by degrees, laboring among them in word and doctrine (for he preached every day,) and setting them a good example, he brought them to be a peaceable and happy people; and he grew, at length, in such esteem among them, that they made him their counsellor, to settle all their differences and misunderstandings, and would take no step of importance in civil affairs without his advice.

When Mr. Fletcher was at Trevecka, two of the students were bitterly prejudiced against each other. He took them into a room by themselves, reasoned with them, wept over them, and at last prevailed. Their hearts were broken; they were melted down; they fell upon each other's necks, and wept aloud. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." These are valuable, honorable, and useful members of society. While others go about as incendiaries to destroy the happiness and peace of mankind, by blowing up the fires of discord and contention, these, on the contrary, find the greatest pleasure in being the instruments of allaying animosities, quenching the flames of malignity, and promoting unity and concord among men. Happy characters! Prosperity be with you; and may your numbers be increased, and the God of peace honor you, at last, with a crown of glory, and hold you up to an assembled world as those who have greatly contributed to the happiness of the human race.—*Wat. Int.*

TRANSCRIBED FROM THE WORKS OF THE REV. CHARLES SIMON, M. A.

A young minister about three or four years after he was ordained had an opportunity of conversing familiarly with the great and venerable leader of the Arminians in this kingdom, and wishing to improve the occasion to the utmost, he addressed him nearly in the following words: "Sir, I understand that you are called an Arminian, and I have been sometimes called a Calvinist, and therefore I suppose we are to draw daggers. But before I consent to begin the combat, with your permission, I will ask you a few questions; not from impudent curiosity, but for real instruction." Permission being very readily and kindly granted, the young minister proceeded to ask, "Pray, sir, do you feel yourself a depraved creature, so depraved that you would never have thought of turning unto God, if God had not first put it into your heart?" Yes, says the veteran, I do indeed. "And do you utterly despair of recommending yourself to God by any thing that you can do, and look for salvation solely through the blood and righteousness of Christ?" Yes, solely through Christ. "But, sir, supposing you were at first saved by Christ, are you not, somehow or other to save yourself afterwards by your own works?" No, I must be saved by Christ, from first to last. "Allowing then that you were first turned by the grace of God, are you not, in some way or other, to keep yourself by your own power?" No. "What then, are you to be upheld every hour and every moment by God, as to be as an infant in his mother's arms?" Yes, I have no hope but in him. "Then, sir, with your leave I will put up my dagger again, for this is all my Calvinism; this is my decision, my justification by faith, my final perseverance. It is in substance all that I hold, and as I hold it, and therefore if you please, instead of searching out terms and phrases to be a ground of contention between us, we will cordially unite in those things wherein we agree."

The Arminian leader was so pleased with the conversation that he made particular mention of it in his journals; and, notwithstanding there never afterwards was any connexion between the parties, he retained an unfeigned regard for his young inquirer to the hour of his death.

GOOD ADVICE.

Extract from a Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, late of West Springfield, Mass.

"Religion does not consist in little niceties and trifling distinctions, which neither influence the heart nor concern the practice; nor in the observance of particular rules and forms, which a man may use or disuse without prejudice to real virtue in himself or others; nor in a zealous attachment to, or angry abhorrence of, this sect, or that church, in which, as in most other fields, there are some tares and some wheat; but in something more excellent and divine. That, in a word, is true religion which makes a good man; which renders one pious towards his God, conformed to the pattern of his Saviour, benevolent to his fellow men, humble in his temper and manners, peaceable in society, just in his treatment of all, condescending in cases of difference, strict in the government of himself, patient in adversity, and attentive to his duty in all conditions and relations in life. When you see such a character, you may believe that religion is there. When you find this to be your character, you may believe that wisdom has entered your heart."

"You are to distinguish between truth and error, and embrace the one and reject the other. But never lay great weight on things which have no relation to practice; nor make light of small things, which are immediately connected with duty. If you see a man meek, humble, peaceable, sober and benevolent, careful to practise piety himself, and to promote it among others; you may think him religious, though you sup-

pose him to have adopted some groundless opinions. If you see one contentious about religion, condemning all who think not as he does, busy in sowing the seeds of discord, and in causing divisions among brethren, and more zealous to make proselytes to his own party and opinion, than to make good men of his proselytes; whatever you may think of his heart, you will at least conclude that his zeal is not according to knowledge."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

From a letter of the late Rev. John Newton, inserted in the London Tract Magazine for August, and never before published.

I think a prudent and godly woman, in the capacity of a wife and mother, is a greater character than any hero or philosopher of ancient or modern times. The first impressions which children receive in the nursery, while under the mother's immediate care, are seldom so obliterated but that sooner or later their influence conduces to form the future life; and though the child that is trained up in the way that he should go, may depart from it for a season, there is reason to hope he will be found in it when he is old. The principles instilled into the mind in infancy may seem dormant for a while, but the prayers with which the mother watered what she planted there, are, as some old writers say, "upon the Lord's file." Times of trouble recall those principles to the mind, and the child so instructed has something at hand to recur to. Thus it was with me; I was the only son of my mother; she taught me, she prayed for me and over me. Had she lived to see the misery and wickedness into which I plunged myself afterwards, I think it would have broken her heart. But in the Lord's time her prayers were answered; distress led me to recollect her early care, and thus I was led to look the right way for help. But a religious education implies much more than teaching a catechism and a few hymns. Happy and honored is the woman that is qualified to instruct her children, and does it heartily, in the spirit of faith and prayer.

We often speak of the birth of a child, as a matter of course, of no great moment but to the parents and relations. But indeed, the birth of a child, whether in a palace or a workhouse, is an event of more real importance than the temporal concerns of a whole kingdom. When a child is born, an immortal is born! In that hour a new being enters upon a state of existence which will never end, and it is a being whose capacity for happiness or misery is proportioned to its duration. To have the charge of such beings, to form their minds in their tender years, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and at last to present them to him, enabled to say, "Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me!" Oh what a high trust! Oh what a blessing!

Have you read or have I formerly mentioned to you, what a good old woman in the last century said, upon her dying bed? It was to this purpose:—"I have been the mother of sixteen children; I nursed them all myself; and I know that now they are all either with Christ or in Christ. And I believe I never gave one of them the breast without putting up a prayer in my heart, that I might not nurse a child for the Devil!"

SAILORS' FRIEND.

A RELIGIOUS SEAMAN.

A religious seaman from this port, who was a constant attendant at the meetings under the Bethel Flag, and whose voice was often heard in prayers for the salvation of his brother sailors, left home on a voyage to St. Lucia. Having arrived safe, and feeling grateful to God for his providential protection, the first Sabbath after his arrival, he went on shore, (the vessel lying at some distance, at anchor,) to look for some house for the worship of God—but, alas! there was none. He entered upon an inquiry with those he met, (some of whom were taking their yams and fruit to market for sale,) if there were any religious people in the town. At this question, so foreign to what they had been accustomed to hear, particularly from British sailors, some smiled, while others answered with the utmost unconcern, "No." After a search of upwards of an hour, a native of respectable appearance hearing the inquiry, entered into conversation with the sailor, and drew a lamentable picture of the inhabitants, and of their total neglect of religion—even as to its forms and ceremonies. He also stated that he knew of none in the whole island who would answer the character he was in search of. There was one man, he said, on further recollection, a soldier in the garrison, who made some profession of religion on his first arrival at the island, about two years before, but he supposed that meeting with ridicule from his comrades, and ensnared by the inhabitants, he had thrown away his profession. However, he gave the sailor directions to the garrison where the soldier could be found, as the most likely individual to meet his wishes. With this faint ray of hope, he toiled up the steep hill on which the garrison was erected, and found out the man, who was at that time on duty. The sailor informed him of the purpose of his visit; as soon as the poor soldier could recover from his surprise, he answered to the following effect:—"Ah! my friend, you bring my sins to remembrance; when in England, I was a member of a Christian church, but when our regiment was sent to this island I felt myself, as it were, banished from God and his people. Notwithstanding, I was determined to walk by the grace of God, before the inhabitants of this irreligious place in all things becoming a professor of the faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; but alas! the example of others, and the fear of my comrades, made me neglect my closet—I became an easy sacrifice to the service of this world, and fell into the snares of the wicked one; and now I fear the mercy of the Lord is clean gone for ever." (Tears fell from his eyes when he made this remark.) "You are, (he continued,) the only person, for these two years past, who has addressed me on the subject of religion; but, what would you have me do?" The sailor, after a word of consolation to encourage his hopes in the mercy of God, opened to him his plan, which was, that as he was acquainted with the inhabitants, and the most likely person to suit for this purpose, he should accompany him into town, and make interest with some one to get the use of a room, and endeavor to collect a few of the inhabitants together, and hold a prayer-meeting. This was agreed upon; and another soldier, who had sometimes engaged in conversation with his comrades upon religious subjects, was pointed out as an assistant in this work. This person was waited upon, and after a little hesitation, he agreed to accompany them. A room was well filled at the time announced. The sailor read a chapter in the Bible, and made a few remarks, and then concluded by prayer. This religious exercise, so novel in the island of St. Lucia, was not only received with the strongest marks of approbation, but the meeting announced for the following Sabbath was gladly anticipated. On the following Sabbath the soldier above referred to, in the most humble and devout manner, sought by prayers at the throne of grace for mercy and forgiveness, and their prayers had a visible effect upon the audience. These sacred services were continued during the time the sailor remained at the island, and when he left it, the soldiers, with several of the inhabitants, formed themselves into a kind of church fellowship. From this statement we learn the good effects of Bethel institutions. The seeds of a protestant church has been sown at this island, where, previous to the visit of this sailor, the inhabitants were living like those of old, when there was no king in Israel: "Every one did that which was right in his own eyes."

Work of grace at sea.—The following interesting letter from a pious sea-captain will serve to animate the hearts of the friends of seamen, and encourage to greater exertion in their behalf. It is evident, from the signs of the times, that God is about to effect a great reformation in this class of men, and we confidently look for the time when the "abundance of the sea shall be converted unto him."

"DEAR SIR—I feel constrained to relate two interesting circumstances, which occurred on board my vessel on her homeward passage; which I relate in order to show the sovereignty of Divine Grace in choosing the most unlikely among men as the objects of his mercy, and in blessing the most feeble effort, when made with a sincere desire to promote his glory."

"One evening one of the seamen came up to me, while I was walking the deck with the passengers, bathed in tears, and desired to speak to me by myself. I walked aside with him, and for some time he could scarcely articulate a word. At last, having a little recovered himself, he observed:—"Sir, I cannot rest day or night, my sins are so heavy upon me. I should be much obliged to you if you can instruct me how I may get ease." I asked him whether he had committed any particular sin that gave him uneasiness? "No, Sir," he replied, "I never murdered any one, nor did I ever feel myself such a sinner that I fear I shall be damned." I asked him how long he had felt himself such a sinner? "Only since last Sunday—I never felt any concern before." This was joyful tidings for me; whilst he shed tears of grief, I could not refrain from shedding tears of joy on his account. This reminded me of the application made by the jailor to the apostles. I pointed to Christ as the sacrifice for sins, and urged him to go and confess his sins, and implore pardon. He said he was ignorant, and could not read the Bible, which he desired much to do, and would on his return learn to read. He continued, during the passage, an humble inquirer; his conduct much changed, and I learn from the carpenter, who is a pious man, that he prays morning and evening, which alone, he says, "relieves his mind."

About a week after this period, at the close of the prayer-meeting on Saturday evening, I was walking forward to the fore-castle, and perceived a young man stretched out on a boat, weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the cause of his tears? He told me that he saw himself going to hell, and that there was no hope for him—his sins were too great to be pardoned. He had good advice given to him by his father, who is a minister of the gospel in D—, but he despised it, and every word I said this evening came home to his conscience. I encouraged him, from the promises of the gospel, to go to Christ, and he would not be rejected. He said he would, if I thought there was any hope. He would often weep under the word, and, during the passage, an evident change was produced in his conduct.

Both of these had given me great trouble, from their turbulent, perverse dispositions, and were much addicted to drunkenness. I am encouraged to hope the Spirit of the Lord is teaching them, and he has promised that when he begins a good work, he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. Grace here must be perfect in glory. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be all the glory ascribed. Amen. Yours, truly."

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

The following interesting account of an encounter with the African Tiger, is taken from Latrobe's visit to South Africa, and Brown's History of Missions, and may be relied on as a fact.

Wolves having done much mischief at Groene Kloof, South Africa, an attempt was made to destroy them. For that purpose, the two missionaries, Bonatz and Schmitt, with thirty Hottentots, set out early in the morning towards the Launewoek hill. One of the animals was seen, and lamed by a shot, but escaped, and entered the bushes. The Hottentots followed, and called to the missionaries, that the wolf was in the thicket. Schmitt rode back, and alighting, entered with a Hottentot of the name of Philip Moses. The dog started some animal, which those within the thicket could not see; but the Hottentots on the outside perceiving it to be a tiger, called aloud to the missionary to return. He therefore, with Philip, began the retreat backwards, pointing his gun, and ready to fire, in case the animal made its appearance. Suddenly a tiger sprang forwards, but from a quarter not expected, and by a flying leap over the bushes, fastened upon the Hottentot, seizing his nose and face with his claws and teeth. I measured the distance from whence the tiger made his spring, to that on which the Hottentot stood, and found it full twenty feet, over bushes from six to eight feet high. Schmitt observed, that had it not been for the horror of the scene, it would have been an amusing sight to behold the enraged creature fly like a bird over that length of ground and bushes, with open jaw and lashing tail, screaming with violence. Poor Philip, thrown down, and in the conflict lay now upon, now under the tiger. The missionary may easily have effected his escape, but his own safety never entered his thoughts—duty and pity made him instantly run forwards to the assistance of the sufferer. He pointed his gun, but the motions both of the Hottentot and tiger, in rolling about and struggling, were so swift that he durst not pull the trigger, lest he should injure Philip. The tiger perceiving him take aim, instantly quitted his hold, worked himself from under the Hottentot and flew like lightning upon Schmitt. As the gun was of no use in such close quarters, he let it fall, and presented his left arm to shield his face. The tiger seized it with his jaws—Schmitt with the same arm, catching one of his paws, to prevent his outstretched claws from reaching his body. With the other paw, however, the tiger continued striking towards his breast and tearing his clothes. Both fell in the scuffle, and provisionally in such a position, that the missionary's knee came to rest on the pit of the tiger's stomach. At the same time, he grasped the animal's throat with all his might. The seizure of his throat made the tiger instantly quit his hold, but not before Schmitt had received another bite, nearer the elbow. His face lay right over that of the tiger's, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, and convulsive groans, while his staring eyes, like live coals seemed to flash with fire. In this situation, Schmitt called aloud to the Hottentots, to come to his rescue, for his strength was fast failing; rage and agony supplying to the animal extraordinary force in his attempts to disengage himself. The Hottentots at last ventured to enter the thicket, and one of them snatching the loaded gun, presented it, and shot the tiger, under the missionary's hand, right through the heart. Schmitt and Philip were materially injured in the conflict.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at Groene Kloof with the missionary, who, though severely wounded, was still alive. As the case, however, was of an extraordinary nature, his friends were at a loss how to treat him; and before it was possible to obtain medical advice from the Cape, the inflammation spread to an alarming extent. Every hour indeed he grew worse. He had eight wounds from the elbow to the wrist; in some places they penetrated to the bone; and as the teeth and claws of a tiger are shaped like those of a cat, they had of course lacerated the parts. His brethren, after several days, procured a medical man from the Cape, who bled him very freely, and kindly promised not to leave him until he was out of danger. By degrees, the inflammation abated, symptoms of a favorable nature began to appear; and, to the astonishment of all his friends, Schmitt at length recovered, though he did not enjoy the same degree of health as before.

The Hottentot, though severely wounded, did not

suffer so much bodily pain as the missionary. It was the third instance in which he had encountered a tiger, and this time he would in all probability have lost his life, had not Schmitt risked his own to save him.

OURANG OUTANG.

In our Calcutta files, received by the George, we find an account of a meeting of the Asiatic Society, on the fifth of January. Among other donations, the skin, extremities, and parts of the head and neck of a large Ourang Outang, killed on the Coast of Sumatra, were presented to the Society by a Captain Confort. According to the account given below, which was read at the meeting, this animal must have been of very uncommon size and strength. None of the specimens which have been exhibited in Europe have ever exceeded three feet in height, and their principal characteristic has been a mild imitation of the domestic habits of man, but this one is said to have been nearly eight feet high, and very ferocious.

It appears, that an officer of the ship Mary Anne Sophia, was on shore at a place called Rumbom, near Touronon, on the West Coast of Sumatra, where he discovered the animal in a tree. He assembled the people and followed him to a tree in a cultivated spot on which he took refuge. His walk was erect and waddling, but not quick, and he was obliged to occasionally to accelerate his motion with his hands: but with the bough of a tree he impelled himself forward with greater rapidity. When he reached the tree, his strength was shown in a high degree, for with one spring he gained a very lofty bough, and bounded from it with the ease of smaller animals of his kind. Had the circumjacent land been covered with water, he would certainly have escaped from his pursuers, his mode of travelling, by bough or tree, being described as rapid as the progress of a fleet horse. But at Rumbom there are but few trees left in the place of cultivated fields, and amongst these alone he played about, to avoid being taken. He was first shot at a tree, and after having received five balls, his caution was relaxed, owing no doubt to loss of blood, and the ammunition being about this time expended, they were obliged to have recourse to other means for his destruction. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, for immediately after the infliction of the wound, he slung himself by his tail from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a second ball he always put his hand over the injured part, and his human-like agony of his expression, had the same effect of exciting painful feelings among his pursuers.

With the assistance of the peasantry, who stood as amazed at the sight of the animal as the crew of the Mary Anne Sophia, never having seen one before, and though living within two days' journey from the sea and impenetrable forest on the island, they cut down the tree on which he was reclining exhausted, but the moment he found it falling, he exerted his remaining strength and gained another tree, and then a third, until he was finally brought to the ground and shot. To combat his resistance, now gathered very thickly round and discharged spears, and other missiles against him. The first year, made of a very strong supple sort of wood, which would have resisted the strength of the strongest man was broken by him as a carrot, and had not been at this time in the dying state, it was feared that he would have severed the heads of some of the party with equal ease. He fell at length, under innumerable stabs inflicted by the peasantry. The animal is supposed to have travelled some distance from the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud up to the knees.—The hands and feet of the animal had great analogy to human hands and feet, only that the thumbs were smaller in proportion, and situated nearer the wrist joint than the thumbs of human beings generally are. His body was well proportioned: he had a fine broad expanded chest and a narrow waist. His legs, however, were rather short, and his arms very long, though both possessed such sinew and muscle, as left no doubt of their power and strength. His feet were well proportioned with his body; the rest of the animal was covered with a short, reddish-brown fur, prominent; the eyes large, and the mouth larger than the mouth of man.—His chin was fringed from the extremity of one ear to the other, with a shaggy band, curling luxuriantly on each side, and forming altogether an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. The hair of his coat was smooth and glossy when he was first killed, and his teeth and whole appearance indicated that he was young and in full possession of his physical powers. He was nearly eight feet high.

THE GATHERER.

The famous Mr. Eliot, of New England, was a great enemy to all contention, and would ring a loud crier bell wherever he saw the fires of animosity. When he heard any ministers complain, that such and such in their flocks were too difficult for them; the strain of his answer still was, "Brother, compass them; and learn the meaning of these three little words, Rest, Forbear, Forgive." When there was laid before an assembly of ministers a bundle of papers, containing matters of difference between some people, which he would rather unite, with some imitation of Constantine, hastily threw the papers into the fire before them all, and, with great zeal said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done: I did it on my knees this morning before I came among you."

A SOLILOQUY.—Altered from Wesley's Preface to his Sermons.

I am a creature of a day; passing through life as an arrow passes through the air.

I am a spirit come from God—and returning to God!—just hovering over the great gulf of eternity, till I drop into that unchangeable state, and am no more seen!

I want to know one thing,—the way to heaven; how to land safely on that happy shore.—God himself has condescended to teach the way: for this very day Christ came from heaven; and hath, at this price given me the book of God.—I have it! I find it in my Father's arm: Let me from henceforth be homo unius libri (a man of one book.)

Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men; I sit down by myself; God is here! In his presence I open, I read his book, and for this end—to find the way to heaven. If there is any doubt concerning the meaning of what I read; if any thing appears dark or intricate, I hit up my heart to the "Father of light." His book tells me—"if any lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given to him."

I then search after, and consider parallel passages of scripture,—I compare spiritual things with spiritual things:—"I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable; and in the ardor of my research I exclaim—O my Father, if it is not said in this book, 'If any man do the will of the Father who sent him, he shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God!' I am desirous to do it; let me know, O my Father!"

Singular and pleasing coincidence.—The following is noted as a remarkable incident. On the morning that Gen. La Fayette landed at Staten Island, from the Cadmus, in August, 1824, a rainbow was observed spanning the heavens, its bases resting at Staten and Long Island, and arching the Narrows. When the Brandywine put out to sea; the day which had been cloudy and rainy was cleared up, and a rainbow enclosed the heavens, beneath the centre of which the ship went gallantly out. Thus the iris of the spheres, the beautiful messenger of heaven—adhered her congratulations and her adieus to those of ten millions of freemen, joining with them to "welcome the coming speed the parting guest."



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ORIGINAL COM

MR. FISK'S EXAMINA

ERINGS' R

[CONTINUED]

Mr. Pickering's vague and "about the 'magnitude' of m how easy it is for men to de cers, by a loose and indefinite been the fruitful root probabl respecting the consequences sermon stated, speaking of eous, that "the work and the strated from their relation bear no proportion to each o relations, which none but C head, there is unquestiona To advance such an idea, M great want of modesty, an made "unabashingly," and the text and numerous o tude of the works, and no tion, must determine the ex ward." The writer here has tude gratuitously, if not "un in the text. That simple works. But if he must ha seems bent upon this, let hi means to use that term, in re the moral qualities of these him give a rule, by which he this to me "unknown and in Is it to be weighed or measu moral quality, and any othe nose, then his meaning is m; then has he to infer, that acc of the sermon, "the righteous rewarded according to their w than their works deserve." asserts, that it is just, that the question is, how is this? sermon maintains, that it is the relation man stands to t error; and the relation which the various parts of the divine reviewer has brought not tion; an assertion too, the more made against a proposition th must assent to, almost as soq bearings and influences, and oes, of the parts of any syst must be determined by the re stand in, to the other parts a ther heavens on our level, as the like the ancient heathen, which governed men, by an independent of God himself; ably true, the desert of our railed according to our moral ly and directly revealed; or what is revealed of these mon these relations are concerned, ready unadvised, show the m other grounds of argument, e related to the direct right w upon the nature and extent of it first examined the rewards pely inferring, Mr. P. him the righteous and eternal re the wicked would, for their being judged, for he says in the stand and first, proved that the any works of the creature, tish properly have urged, th in like manner immit." W er recede from this ground; an argument, it may easi sequences of sin will be inv weight (that is, in all the dep vidual can enjoy) and all it of faith and its fruits, have away. That passage, in 2 C by the reviewer, because it e and its fruits, which worketh glory. This is nothing but a get rid of the force of the see, that affliction can do not salvation, only as it is endur ewise, it hardens the heart a the sorrow of the world that w that is inevitable, or as he b when they look not at the th the things which are not s through faith, procure the r ward patiently by faith, is tex ing according to the text iii. 23, 24, and in the last of all their force. And when we will bring forward man which Christ says, great is yo